UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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IN THE DAY OF THE HARVEST

Ye have plowed, ye have sowed, and the harvest
shall be of its kind;
What ye sowed ye shall gather and grind;
What ye grind ye shall bake, saith the Lord, and,
or bitter or sweet,
In the days that shall be ye shall eat.

I am He that looks over the fence. I see, saith
the Lord,
How ye gather the fruits for your board,
And the mills of my patience run down. I will
come, I will come,
And the mirth of your feast shall be dumb.

Did ye deem that the Lord was far off? I have
seen how for gain
Ye have dammed up my rivers of grain
Till the poor in the cities have moaned. I have
heard me the cry
That for justice hath come up the sky.

And a patter of feet hath come up through the
roar of your mills,
Where childhood hath gone to your tills.
Ye shall be as the hiss of the foam that hath died
on the sand;
Ye shall be no more in the land.

Did ye deem that my wrath was a cloud that had
thundered and gone,
Swallowed up in the smile of the dawn?
Clouds return, saith the Lord. Have ye heard,
when I called over France,
How the Terror joined hands in her dance?

In the day that ye eat I will pour ye the wine,
saith the Lord;
I will come in the night with a sword.
And your towers shall be as a reed in the breath
of my might
When I come, when I come in the night.

And ye that have drained off the laugh from the
mouths of the poor,
Ye shall know that my coming is sure.
And ye that have poisoned the strength of the
children of men,
What caverns will cover ye then?

I will come with a roar, saith the Lord. I will
rouse up the slave
Till he win back the soul that I gave.
I will toss with a shout into battle the rich and
the poor.
Ye shall know that my laws they endure.

—*Edwin Davies Schoonmaker.*

In the death of William Henry Fish, the Unitarian ministry has lost a gentle soul. He will be mourned as a tender pastor and diligent leader by parishioners on both sides of the water. It was a strong Harvard class that in 1869 gave to progressive religion such teachers as George A. Thayer, Frederick L. Hosmer, B. F. McDaniel, C. W. Wendte, and the lofty-minded William Henry Fish.

The *Survey* epitomizes the work of the Chicago Vice Commission this way:

> The investigation covered fifty-two of the larger cities of the United States. In many conditions were found to be worse than they are in Chicago, while in some they are better. The commission has refrained from unnecessary criticism of city officials, and says that conditions in respect to open vice are better now than for years. "As a whole, Chicago is a better city morally than most of the cities of the United States that are in its class, yet the report, which aims to avoid criticism and to set forth its facts scientifically and dispassionately, shows that Chicago spends $15,000,000 annually for vice and that the traffic in women each year to keep up the supply for disorderly places, consumes 5,000 young girls. The commission has not scrupled to tell the whole truth, and by placing the facts before the public appeals to the conscience of Chicago.

Under the heading of "Let us Have Peace," the *Dial* for April 16 contains a review of three more books on war: "The Great Illusion," by Norman Angell, published by Putnam's Sons; "War and Its Alleged Benefits," by Jane Novicow, published by the Henry Holt House, and General Hiram M. Chittenden's "War or Peace," published by the McClurg House. The appearance of these books is encouraging. It is indicative of the spirit of the times. Any book that dwells upon the awful atrocity of war is welcome, and no statesman, editor or preacher who attempts to deal with the problems of public welfare can afford to be indifferent to or ignorant of this high literature.

The "Christ Myth," by Professor Drews, has been receiving more attention on the other side of the water than this. Professors von Soden, Weniel and Johannes Weiss, in Germany, have each answered this last attempt to eliminate the "Man of Nazareth" from the pages of history and the *Enquirer* (London) announces the appearance of a book entitled "Did Jesus Really Live?" by Herbert J. Rossington. Fascinating as is this mythological theory concerning an antique and mysterious personage, it cannot eliminate by any critical process the personal element in the gospel message. The very processes by which this elimination of miracle and myth is brought about leaves more clearly the historical residuum of a man with a message.

A Recreational Board

Wednesday, April 12, was a Field Day for the Wisconsin Legislature, which, by the way is a legislature that is doing things. Two bills in the hands of the Educational Committee of much initiative significance were set for a public hearing in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday evening last. Senator Viebahn, chairman of the Senatorial Educational Committee, occupied the chair. The legislative body was largely represented and manifested much interest through a long session, while the visitors' galleries on either side were crowded with the best citizens of Madison.

The first bill was an Enabling Act permitting school boards, or other bodies having charge of school-houses or other public buildings or grounds, to permit the use of the same without charge, upon the application of three or more reputable citizens. At these meetings public questions of a non-partisan character and other civic, social and recreational activities were to be allowed. This bill is already unanimously recommended for passage by the Educational Committee.

The second bill is, so far as we know, a unique movement authorizing the creation of "Boards of Public Recreation." The common council of any city, or the town board of any town, may create such a board, to have charge of

"The work of developing the civic, social and recreational resources of the city, town or village through promoting, aiding, organizing and directing the wider use of existing public buildings and grounds, such as public school houses and public school grounds, public park buildings and public park grounds, public market places and public squares, and other public buildings and grounds which may be more widely used for civic, social and recreational activities, to the public advantage.

"This board of public recreation is to co-operate with the existing departments in the town.

"When a petition, signed by ten per centum of the qualified voters of such city, town or village, is presented to the mayor, chairman or president of city, town or village, he shall proceed to create such a board. In cities of the first class this board of public recreation shall consist of nine members, consisting of the mayor, the commissioner of the department of public works, and seven others, selected by the mayor, one from the board of school directors, one from the board of park commissioners, one from the library and museum board, and one from the board of fire and police commissioners, and three from the citizens at large.

"In all the smaller towns and villages, the board shall consist of five members, consisting of the mayor, the chairman or the president, and four others selected by the mayor, one from the board of school directors and three from the citizens at large."

At this public hearing representatives of the Playground Activities of Milwaukee were heard and Professor Ward, of the Extension Staff of Wisconsin University, presented a graphic stereopticon exhibition of what has already been accomplished and what is now being done by the use of public property for organized recreational purposes.

The leading address of the evening was given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. He spoke for an hour in the interest of the rural districts and the small villages, which he said are in as dire need of *social centers* as the more congested territories of the city. He argued that the cry "Back to the land" is a fruitless one until the land is so far urbanized as to direct the leisure as well as the industry of the community. The boys and girls who "rush to the city" are often much misunderstood and unkindly maligned, for they are driven there not for selfish but for cultural and social reasons. Mr. Jones drew largely from his country experiences and boyhood life on the farm, and gave graphic illustrations of the inane life on the farm outside the laboring hours. He pleaded for the imprisoned farmer's wife, and for the farmer, the man overburdened with details. Leisure is of little value, oftentimes a great menace, unless it be organized and directed on cultural and social lines. He said that the old landmarks of the country were the taverns, which have now wholly disappeared. Their place was taken for a time by the country beer saloon, largely disappearing. Now the traveler on country roads is directed from one creamery or cheese factory to another. He pictured the time when the "Social Centers of the Country" will be conspicuous landmarks. There will be the baseball grounds for summer time and skating grounds for winter, water troughs for horses, the "Liberty pole" and the flag on occasions. This is but returning to the high uses of the old original schoolhouse, which was the theatre, assembly hall and rallying ground for patriotism in the early settlements.

He deplored the exclusion in the bill of *partisan* meetings. Is it not safe to assume that in respectable places party issues can be discussed in respectable ways? If the partisan is to be heard, he had better be heard in the school-house than in a hall over a saloon or an improvised beer-garden.

Mr. Jones pleaded for an additional provision in the bill by which towns or a group of towns, counties or a group of counties, might secure, under an adequate enabling act, spots of exceptional historic interest or of surpassing beauty. He spoke of the disgrace of Wisconsin, that allows its old territorial Capitol to be used as a stable, while the stalwart timbers, capable of enduring, like some of the old churches of New England, for two hundred years more, are now besmeared with hog-wallow.

He spoke of having led a party of three wagonloads of people forty miles across the country for the sake of seeing the marvelous view from the top of Platte Mound in Southwestern Wisconsin, one of the rarest views in this or any other country for extent of rural beauty and prosperity. The party arrived there only to find all access nailed down—wired down, with barbed wire at that, with the conspicuous notice: "All Trespassers will be Punished by Law." The hill had been given over to a colony of steers, who resented the intrusion. He wanted a law that would enable the town, county, or a group of towns and

villages to secure control of the summit of this mound and build a commodious roadway to the top, just for a view. He insisted that Wisconsin's greatest asset today, financially speaking, lies in its scenery. He remembered the time when Lake Geneva was a favored rallying-ground of public-spirited citizens from the three or more adjoining counties, a place where they went in great numbers to discuss public questions, social, moral, religious and patriotic. But now every foot of that beautiful shore has passed into the possession of Chicago millionaires, and the beautiful lake is a part of the back-door embellishment of private and, a large part of the year, non-resident owners. A citizen of Wisconsin cannot wash his feet in Lake Geneva, except as a trespasser or a humiliated recipient of favors.

It is to be hoped that these bills, and more like them, will enable Wisconsin to lead on these lines as it has on so many others.

A Psychic Autobiography

Probably no book since the appearance of Robert Dale Owens' "Foot-prints on the Borderland of Another World" has contained more confident, continuous testimony to the availability, practicability and actual intimacy of disembodied spirits with embodied mortals than this book of over 450 pages, by Amanda T. Jones, published by the Greaves Publishing Co., Tribune Building, New York. This "psychic" biography covers seventy years of life, all of which has been touched with luminous spots of communications, revelations and impressions which the author believes to have been directly given from friends in the spirit world.

To one whose attitude is that of respectful agnosticism in this matter, the book contains a large amount of sane insanity or insane sanity, as the case may be. One thing is as sure, namely, that Miss Amanda T. Jones is a woman of parts on her own account. The present reviewer took great pleasure some time ago in commending in these columns her poetry, a collected edition of which has been published by a standard Eastern house. Her "Atlantis," "Prairie Idol" and "The Rubaiyat of Solomon" have commanded the approbation of poets and critics whose opinions are well-nigh authoritative, among whom are Whittier, J. G. Holland, Richard Henry Stoddard, Austin Dobson, Stedman, Gilder and Markham.

In addition to her contributions to poetry, Miss Jones is the owner of important patents showing her triumph in fields seldom entered by women, ranging from a process of preserving fruit *in vacuo* without cooking, to some valuable devices for the use of petroleum as fuel for the generating of steam.

It is true that Miss Jones generously ascribes her triumphs in all these directions to the immediate good offices of a host of very good friends who have gone on, some of whom she knew in the flesh but most of whom were acquaintances made from beyond the veil. The book is full of "spooks" but is not at all "spooky," and the spirits here are characterized with an exceptional amount of good hard sense, practical advice and timely help. Miss Jones is evidently in her own proper person a good all-around crank, such as UNITY readers have much in common with. She has outgrown her Methodism, has a lifelong distrust of drugs and "dopes," is enamoured of baths and Graham gems, is committed to freedom, stirred with high patriotism, a hater of war and lover of peace. The present writer is so unheavenly that he would prefer to give Miss Amanda Jones direct credit for all these things rather than divide the claims and place a large part of the credit, as she does, to the account of the disembodied.

What shall we say of the book? What this present writer has always had to say, that it deals largely with matter beyond the range of his experience and does not seem to fill a felt want in his soul. The book is certainly a splendid enforcement of the great Shakespearean dictum, that there are "more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy dreams of." We believe in the integrity and veracity of this witness. She impresses us as an interesting reporter. Doubtless many will find comfort in her argument. There is little wonder that she should be so disrespectful to many of the words that touch the mysterious, such as "telepathy," "hypnotism," the "subconscious self," etc., etc. These she dismisses as "lingo," while she herself has ready at hand an elaborate vocabulary about "auras," "presciences," "premonitions," and still more mystical words which she uses glibly and confidently, ignoring the fact that the honest and intelligent reader will hesitate and inquire concerning these also.

However it may be about the ghosts in this book, which, we repeat, are of that kind that command our respect, the book has a lively human interest and it leaves us anxious for the sequel, wondering whether, after all these promises and mystic leadings, the fruit-canning process and the oil fuel contrivance are at last to bring the larger employment for women, a home for unfortunate women and various other benefactions which Miss Jones and her spirit friends have so persistently sought these many, many years.

J. LL. J.

He who suppresses his conscience just a little, enough to take the road of expediency into the citadel of success, has taken the left hand road that leads direct to all the miseries. J. LL. J.

Emerson, the Individualist

Democracy in American letters involves a study of our great essayists, not as litterateurs, but as democrats. They help us to see that democracy is more than "government of the people, by the people and for the people." It is more adequately defined by Havelock Ellis as "A state in which every man shall be a freeman, neither in economic nor intellectual nor moral subjection."

The new era in life and letters in America dates from the romantic movement, which had swept Europe and was finding expression in America, by disturbing conventional conditions, as it had abroad. The movement which is responsible for the Wesleyan revival, the Gothic revival, the French and American political revolutions, the English industrial revolution and the wonderful output of literature in Western Europe, could not be without influence on American letters and thought. The prophets of Swedenborgianism, Unitarianism, and Universalism established the belief in the Unity of God, as against the refined polytheism of popular belief; the excellence of human nature, as contrasted with its traditional perverseness; and the inner light of conscience, in opposition to external authority.

In politics, statesmen like Clay, Webster and Calhoun were laying the foundations for a similar, if more superficial faith. The unity of the State, as distinguished from colonial antagonism, the excellence of Americans, in contrast with submission to European standards, and the inner light of political instinct, naively assumed by the enthusiastic patriot, were rapidly becoming articles of faith. In literature, the pleasant prose of Irving and Cooper and the beautiful but aimless poetry of Bryant and Poe, were giving way to purposeful literature.

The pioneer to incorporate this ferment into a philosophy, as Carlyle had done in England, was Emerson. Born of the aristocracy of Unitarian divines, he had the conventional restricted experience of the Puritan youth, who was graduated without distinction from Harvard and attended perfunctorily the Divinity School. He was a frail, undistinguished student, but an omnivorous reader and persistent thinker. He was never thorough, but assiduous and fearless; an austere man, who would have liked to relax, but his temperament precluded the liberties which his mind took. He early saw the hypocrisies of the New England religion and society, and worked out a philosophy of life the most wholesome of his time. He was not a specialist, but revealed himself, doing impersonally that service for humanity which he could not do personally.

Emerson's philosophy of the private man demanded that he be not in economic, intellectual or moral subjection. It was too soon to develop the constructive democracy of today, but he pointed out the foibles of the multitude of petty reformers of his period. He asserted that the independence which was popular in the acquisition of property was little appreciated in the development of individuality. He was afraid of the tyranny of society, thinking "no society can ever be so large as one man." Yet he mourned over the inability to enter harmoniously into the life of the multitude: "We do not greet their talents, nor rejoice in their good fortune, nor foster their hopes, nor in the assembly of the people vote for what is dear to them." He thought people were in subjection to things and that a cultivated man would be ashamed of his property: "Whilst one man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is itself vitiated." This economic subjection might be removed if there were no intellectual subjection: "The virtue in most request is conformity. . . . A sect or party is an elegant incognito devised to save a man from the vexation of thinking." In his protest against moral subjection, he failed to see the means by which intellectual freedom might bring economic freedom: "Let there be no control and no interference in the administration of affairs of this kingdom of me . . . The world is governed too much."

Emerson's distrust of organized society was not so great as his moral enthusiasm. So, like the other honest men of his time, he was drawn into the anti-slavery agitation. Such a movement was utterly repugnant to his retiring nature and the assertiveness of society seemed to violate some of his ideas of freedom, but the necessity of action for freeing man from economic bondage, enlarged his conception of moral freedom: "The good, the illuminated sit apart from the rest, censuring their dulness and vices, as if they thought that, by sitting very grand in their chairs, the very brokers, attorneys and congressmen would see the error of their ways, and flock to them. But the good and wise learn to act, and carry salvation to the combatants and demagogues in the dusty arena below."

Emerson's philosophy was so good for his time that it has been largely assimilated. We want today not Emersonians, but democrats with the faith and courage of Emerson.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

"THE LIGHT LIES ON THE FARTHER HILLS"

The clouds upon the mountains rest;
A gloom is on the autumn day;
But down the valley, in the west,
The hidden sunlight breaks its way,—
A light lies on the farther hills.

Forget thy sorrow, heart of mine!
Though shadows fall and fades the leaf,
Somewhere is joy, though 'tis not thine;
The power that sent can heal thy grief;
And light lies on the farther hills.

Thou would'st not with the world be one
If ne'er thou knewest hurt and wrong;
Take comfort, though the darkened sun
Never again bring gleam or song,—
The light lies on the farther hills.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

"In the years that have been I have bound man closer to man
And closer woman to woman;
And the stranger hath seen in a stranger his brother at last
And a sister in eyes that were strange.
In the years that shall be I will bind me nation to nation
And shore unto shore," saith our God.
"Lo! I am the burster of bonds and the breaker of barriers,
I am he that shall free," saith the Lord.
"For the lingering battle, the contest of ages is ending,
And victory followeth me.

—*Stephen Phillips.*

THE PULPIT

A Sermon From the South

PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, APRIL 9, 1911, BEFORE ALL SOULS CHURCH, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

(*Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson*)

As has been my habit for more years than I care to count, I return from my southern itinerary, which through your courtesy occurs every March. This year, as perhaps never before, my vacation has been more than a search for sunlight and a rest for voice and brain; it has been a trip into the land of memories, an excursion into the country of dreams, for such seem at this distance the hard physical experiences that came to me from '62 to '65.

Through the enterprise of the *Daily News* and other papers, you are invited, fifty years afterward, to read day by day the progress of that war. I am glad to note that Mrs. Ella Flagg Young commends this deliberate narrative of facts fifty years old as good collateral history reading for our boys and girls. It is not well that a nation should forget its annals.

This very week comes the fiftieth anniversary of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the semi-centennial of the firing of the "first shot" at the flag, to be promptly followed a few days later by the humiliation that lowered the flag and surrendered its defenders.

I go back in memory to the farm home in Wisconsin beyond whose limits I had scarcely ever passed more than the length of a single daylight. I recall the night when the family were aroused at an unheard-of late hour by the older brothers, who had come from the station where they had been listening for news by telegraph, and the word came, "They have fired on the flag in South Carolina." I was not a precocious boy, such as we raise nowadays, but I was out of bed and listened to the news that night, and I feel now, as I could not feel then, the premonitory thrills that went through that emigrant home. The father, who had sought a home under the flag in the forties, resented the shot as a personal injury.

My itinerary this year began where the Rebellion began. My hospitable hosts at Charleston escorted me behind the grim guns at Sumter when on my way to what the Charlestonians are so proud of, their great playground and parade of fashion, their famous summer beach, the resort of the wealthy and those who need soft sea breezes to recreate and to strengthen,—their Garden of Palms,—and over in the city I walked the "Battery" where a medley of ladies and gentlemen promenaded carelessly and idly in front of monster mortars and savage war dogs that poured their hot shot into Fort Sumter, filling it with the smoke and menacing the powder magazines where the starving defenders were gathered.

My itinerary ended in Missouri on the border ruffian grounds where armed men went over the line to capture Kansas for slavery, and where the Kansas "jayhawkers" sallied out and retaliated. On ground where personal bitterness and neighborhood venom once reached perhaps its high water mark, I read every page of that monumental work on John Brown by Oswald Garrison Villard. Nothing extenuated, nothing kept back, the whole story is told in its grimness and its power, and it helped me to live over again in memory that other night of gloom in the Wisconsin farm home, when John Brown was hung. His execution was justified by law and his career seemed to have ended in the defeat and disgrace that belonged to a lawbreaker. And still, within eighteen months of that humiliation, young men from Massachusetts to Minnesota were rallying in growing columns, singing:

> "John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
> But his soul is marching on."

In due time I fell in and kept step to the same tune for three years. On this dark and bloody ground in Missouri I gave my lecture this March on "Robert E. Lee, the Man Who Conquered Defeat," under the auspices of the great university of the state. They said it was the largest audience that had gathered in that place for many a month, and the grizzly veterans who had marched under the stars and bars, as well as those who marched under the stars and stripes, came up from the town to hear. Some of the Colonels who had followed the beloved leadership of Robert E. Lee were there to listen attentively to the words of appreciation from the man of the North, and one spokesman out of the army of Virginia said, "If you had given that other lecture of yours on the 'Sad Humorist of the Sangamon,' we would have come out and listened as cordially."

All this in one lifetime? All this in fifty years? This horrible story of carnage and fire, the varied happenings of war, and now the crowded campus of open-hearted boys and girls with their faces turned to the future.

Violent, romantic, almost inconceivable as is this story of a patriotic disruption and reconstruction to the student of history, to one reading on long lines, there is another transition almost as surprising. At Charleston, South Carolina, I found a little group of nine ministers; they call themselves the Philo Club. These ministers took particular pains to make my visit there very pleasant; they treated me as a guest of honor; and these nine ministers included the pastors of the leading Presbyterian and Baptist churches of Charleston, an Episcopalian Rector, the Unitarian Minister and the Jewish Rabbi. And it was simply my inability to make the circuit that prevented my occupying a Presbyterian minister's pulpit in the university town of the State of Mississippi; the invitation was most cordial.

Here was this heretic, whose Wisconsin boyhood home was under the ban of the preachers because his father and mother bore the dreaded name of "Socinians." And these courtesies came not as a matter of personal favor, for this Charleston club represented a transition and growth in religious thought and feeling as surprising and startling as the growth in politics and statecraft. This growth was indicated in many other experiences. Columbia, Missouri, is the seat of the State University which is forging forward with great rapidity, tak-

ing its place among the conspicuous universities of the West. Its student body numbers over three thousand young men and women, and, in spite of the old conservatism in politics and in religion, it presents a surprisingly cosmopolitan company. The President of the University is Canada born, trained at Cornell, with a Wisconsin experience, the Dean of Agriculture is a Michigan man, the heads of the Chemistry, Athletic and Animal Husbandry departments are from Wisconsin, the head of the Teachers' College from Canada, the Geology man, I think, from Kansas, the Physics man from Indiana, and the head of the Engineering Department came from Maine by way of North Carolina. It seems but poetic justice that Kansas, the bitter antagonist in the old border ruffian days, should have recently crossed the line and captured one of the many "best men" in the University of Missouri and carried him off to place him in a more responsible position in the University of Kansas. There was no blood spilled, but much loving strife and happy rivalry.

Let me not paint too fancy a picture. Every word I have said is true and I think every inference justified, and still there remain many regrettable things and sad facts. It is a surprise and a disappointment to find the cities of the South that have suffered so much from the evils of war and have struggled so heroically to recover from the blight of war, still holding the military man in the limelight. The boastful city of Savannah, beautiful for situation, with prosperity unparalleled, has five military companies and no public library. It has armories and arsenals in abundance, but no free reading room worthy the city. At the very heart of the city it has a proud military parade ground of many acres, and its broad walks swarm with children of all colors and shades. "Why don't you have some out-of-door apparatus for the children to play with and a physical director in these splendid spaces?" "Oh, the military companies are jealous of these grounds, they would not have such a thing as that interfere with their parade ground."

Charleston is still proud of its Navy Yard. I was taken to see the most horrible contrivance of human ingenuity I have ever looked upon; it must be the most ghastly triumph of modern science. The long heard of "Devil-fish" was at last found. I mean that infernal contrivance known as a submarine boat. It will take eight or more human souls down into the deeps and keep them there four or five hours, while they steal around seeking the vulnerable breasts of ships bearing human freight under which they can explode their devilish bombs and blow life and property into oblivion. And this is the pride, one of the show pieces of an American Navy Yard. The docks were lined during my visit with the pride of the American Navy, the torpedo fleet, a swarm of mosquitoes expressed in iron, to whose malignity science has given permanency and power. Charleston was on the *qui vive* over the mobilizing of the American troops on the Mexican border line, soldiers had been hurried away, sweethearts had been kissed, departing lieutenants and sergeants and corporals had left their girls in tears. When I deplored this misdirection of energy and of capital a sagacious business man said, "Never mind, it can't always last. We are finding out that we cannot maintain these five military companies. It is hard to keep up the muster roll. I notice that none of the companies are more than half full." "But," the enthusiastic young daughter said, "Father, you are not counting on the Boy Scout Movement. You ought to have seen them parade yesterday. They will fill out the ranks of the military companies. There will be no lack of heroes while they are in training." This is one side of the Boy Scout Movement, another evidence of its danger, and another reason why, in spite of the many things in its favor, I must still distrust it and withhold from it my confidence,—it is so easy to arouse fine enthusiasm on deplorable lines.

I have sometimes said, half in jest, that if there are any unreconstructed sections in the South they are to be found among the "Daughters of the Confederacy." The veterans have had enough of war, they have seen behind the glamour, they know of that which was neither patriotism nor valor, that followed in the wake of war. In some of the cities of the South I find "War Museums" collected and arranged by the patriotic women, sustained by their devotion. Here is gathered a lot of old junk of the Confederacy, memorials of bitter days. These Museums of old relics are well maintained. The fair sisters would fain make these the rallying point of the new South, an inspiration to the young women and young men. In one city I found the "Daughters" offering a ten-dollar gold piece as a prize for the best High School essay on the topic, "The Confederate Cruisers, Were They Privateers?" A legitimate subject for historic research, perhaps a subject proper for that latitude for High School investigation, but the specifications under which the investigation was to be pursued went further, indicating the standpoint which the essayist was to assume. He was to furnish the best argument to prove that they were not privateers; and appended to the specification was a list of authorities these High School boys and girls were to consult, a list in which I looked in vain for any of the standard historians of the period, such as are recommended by scholars, some of them by men of the South like Woodrow Wilson, Eggleston and others. There were other money prizes offered to the Grammar grade students along similar lines with a view of awakening patriotism and generating the spirit of loyalty. In another city I found a program of a winter's study on the part of the "Daughters,"—the Campaign of the Union Army from Chattanooga to Atlanta,—all to be studied carefully with maps and charts. Here again is a legitimate field of inquiry, but I wondered whether these young mothers and wives could not find subjects for their weekly study more helpful to their homemaking. I wished I could put into the hands of these "Daughters" a copy of Frederick Robertson's great sermon, entitled "Progress by Oblivion of the Past." I would like to suggest to the pastor of these women a fitting text for a sermon: "Forgetting the things which are behind and stretching forward to the things which are before." I recognize the sweetness and tenderness, the beauty and enthusiasm of these women. They are not wrong-headed

but they are in danger of being narrow-minded. Their instincts are right, but their minds need to be open to the light.

Some of these surprises would be humorous were they not sad. A bright Virginia school-teacher on vacation like myself, offered delightful companionship for several hours on the train. We shared our enthusiasm for Thomas Jefferson, our love for Monticello and the sacred grave. She agreed with me that the homes of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson should be sacred shrines under the immediate charge and ownership of the Government, and I suggested that there is one other spot in the United States that ought to be brought under such guardianship: three shrines toward which the feet of the loving and the loyal of all nations may be directed increasingly on pilgrimages of love and honor. I would not tell where the third shrine lay but she made several guesses, and I left her guessing. The birthplace of Abraham Lincoln never occurred to her as being such a shrine. In a reading room for boys which I visited, recently equipped and promptly used, though it was a dark basement room, the librarian pointed with pride to the only two pictures on the wall, the faces of George Washington and Robert E. Lee. "Well!" I said, "very well, but I wish you had one more face." "Whose is that?" "I leave you to guess." "I hope it is not Lincoln," she said. "Why should you say that? Don't you remember the saying of Jefferson Davis, that next to the day when the South had to lay down its arms, the day when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated was the darkest day in its history?" "Yes, I know he said that, but what did Lincoln do, anyhow? O he went and got himself shot, I know,"—and this from a librarian. When I bemoaned the absence of public libraries in these fine and growing cities, one retort was from a librarian: "We don't want your public libraries. We don't want them because if we have them we will have to let the darkies in, and we don't want them. When they read they become useless." Of course it was not a debatable question then and there. A bright little boy in the High School with the audacity of the American lad was not at all intimidated by the presence of the grey-beard, but fresh from the tuition of the school broke in with,—"They had a right to secede all right. I have read the Constitution." This boy was acquainted with the text book which Robert E. Lee studied when he was a boy in school. I liked the boy's vigilance. He has a mind that will serve him well, but to such a mind under proper training even the Constitution will become a growth, a living and not a dead letter. And a young lady, highly accomplished, well acquainted with the musical achievements of Chicago,—better than I am,—reminded me of the "well known fact" that much of the fighting at Gettysburg on the northern side was done by hireling soldiers. Colonel Somebody of the Confederate Army said that he had found many such regiments of Germans who could not talk a word of English and had no idea what it was all about.

But I must pass to the two superstitions one encounters in the South wherever he goes. Like all superstitions, they grow by frequent repetition. Perhaps this is a good definition: A superstition is a thing approved on account of being uttered so often.

The first superstition that one encounters is that "prohibition does not prohibit," that notwithstanding the extent of the dry territory and the fact that saloons have disappeared in a marvelous way, yet there is as much liquor sold as ever. That one can get a drink wherever he pleases, etc., etc.

Without going into the statistics of it, or caring for them, but as a result of my annual inspection for eighteen years or more, I come back to say to you that there is a mighty change in appearances, at least. I walked the streets of Savannah, a city of 75,000, for a week, and failed to see any signs of the old time debauchery or the ruffianism of the old régime. The shameful list of drunks and the attendant shootings and assassinations which appeared in the daily papers of the old order are not now to be found. The saloon as a center of debauchery, coarseness and brawls is gone. In my week's stay in the city I saw but two drunken men, both of them manifestly gentlemen of the higher order. The saloon as a center of degradation is gone. The Mississippi river, under the sanction of the United States Government, still carries on the humiliating trade. The passenger boat is a floating saloon, and at its landing it takes on customers who, once in midstream, lay in their stock of fire-water, then go ashore at the next landing and walk back. Still decency is on the increase and the illicit drinking is at least subject to good manners. I was interested in the diagnosing of the situation by the boat steward. He loudly condemned the existing Legislature. "It doesn't do any good," he said, but he also testified that the drinking habit was going. "No drinking allowed among the employes of the boat, have cut it out myself. People have simply got tired of drinking; it is going out of fashion, and they would quit it anyhow." Let us be cheered by the fact that drunkenness is getting to be disreputable. When we make it shameful we will probably run the business out. The South is a mighty temperance lecture today, as all intelligent citizens of the South testify. Of course it has its stories of "blind tigers," and I had an experience with these, but that is another story. Perhaps some other time I will tell it.

I turn now to the second superstition which is found everywhere in the South. It prevails among business men, it is found in the drawing room where ladies, daughters and wives congregate. This is that education has done the colored man no good. "You certainly will agree with us that education has been a detriment thus far to the colored man," is the way a pretty young lady put it. "I can prove it," says a business man. Notwithstanding this, all the way through the South, in and out of the streets, in country, village and town, you meet everywhere colored porters, letter carriers, expressmen, deliverymen, giving and receiving receipts, taking and paying money, performing services which would be absolutely impossible were it not for the degree of expert knowledge that enables them to read, write and figure, thus making of them immediate, direct and indispensable factors in the wealth-producing industries of the South. That the negro is necessary to do the hard manual labor is admitted by all, that he is necessary as a factor in the exchanges of the work of the South is equally true.

One of the most intelligent and sympathetic students of the cotton-mill industry in the South explained that the reason they could not use negro help in many departments was because the white people would go out, and yet he complained that the white operative constituency in the Georgia mills, the men who had been brought down from the mountains by the lure of good pay and regular work were sickly, tubercular, underpaid, underfed, unintelligent, breeding large families of children to die young or to grow up anemic, while on the other hand I saw colored men climbing up and down in places of danger, walking like squirrels on the steel ledges of sky-scraping structures, handling the ropes at the other end of which hung white men's lives. They had reached the realm of expert labor and were dealing with expert workers.

Several interesting things happened while I was in the South. At Savannah a Jewish Rabbi was "mine host" and advance agent, arranging for me my itinerary. At his synagogue I gave a course of lectures on "Prophets of Modern Literature." Gentile men and women who were interested in Browning, Tolstoy, Ibsen and others were found for the first time inside the walls of a Jewish temple, and no harm was done either to Jew or Gentile. During the week the Rabbi was asked by telephone if he thought my services were available for a Sunday afternoon address before the Georgia State Agricultural School for Colored People, which is located at Thunderbolt, a suburb of Savannah. Naturally enough the Rabbi thought it altogether likely, but he suggested to the President of the School that he come in that evening to my lecture and arrange with me directly. The southern Rabbi's wife was somewhat appalled at the prospect of a colored man sitting in the Synagogue on the white people's floor, there being no negro gallery or need of one in a Jewish Synagogue. But President Wright and one of his professors came and were courteously shown a seat and cordially greeted by many of the pillars at the close of the service, and no calamity befell on either side. Furthermore, in making the arrangements for the Sunday afternoon lecture, the Rabbi undertook to escort me, and in due time was asked to present me to the bright audience of three or four hundred colored boys and girls, and nothing happened again. Here where once was a stately homestead of the old régime, a great lawn forming a noble campus, the problems of agriculture and the new farming are being discussed by prospective directors of farm industries. Everywhere colored schools were in evidence and colored children were to be seen going and coming therefrom.

I have some vivid pictures in memory. Here is one of a bright lad, well clothed, coming down the street, beating a tattoo with heel and toe, and keeping time to the music of his whistling, which seemed to be a whole fife and drum band in his mouth, turning square corners, soldier fashion, maching, head up, whistling to beat the band, and there was a bunch of school-books on his shoulder. He was on his way to school and on his way to a future career, though as he approached me I found he was inked by Providence. His color was beyond his control, but there was a superabundance of energy that made of him a corps in the army of life all by himself.

Here is another picture. Stopping at one of the numerous landings on the Louisiana side one morning, there was the usual old-time fringe of curious spectators studying the one event of the day. On the high levee beyond was a fringe of small children in gay dresses, well kempt and well shod, when suddenly a bell rang from beyond the levee and the children scurried and disappeared so promptly that I turned to the mate for an explanation: "That's the school bell. The pickaninnies don't propose to be late," was his reply. It was a sight to delight the student of sociological problems.

I used to talk, after my March returns, of a Shoe String Sociology, and used to comment upon the bare legs, bare heads, bare feet and untied shoes. I have watched as closely this year as ever before. I tell you the people in the South, black and white, are learning to tie their shoes, and the old half-naked squalor is disappearing. The black man of the South is not only well shod but he is comfortably clothed, and there is evidence everywhere that he is proving not only a profitable but a congenial citizen to his white neighbor. There are 5,000 more colored people in Savannah than white, one-half of the population of Charleston is colored, and there are two colored persons to every white one in Vicksburg. A correspondent in the Charleston *Courier* wrote in a current number of the situation on St. Helena Island, Beaufort County, that shoe-string county where Professor William Allen during the war gathered his negro melodies, where William C. Gannett, "When I was young and Harry was strong" found his "Aunt Phillis, who lived by herself with Jesus." This writer says that island now contains 7,000 or 8,000 colored people and only fifty whites, and still the white people live securely, peaceably and happily with their colored neighbors. In all these places the colored people are, in the main, happy and prosperous, and the white neighbors are increasingly adapting themselves to the inevitable order.

All this is indisputable evidence that the superstition that education hurts any man, black or white, orthodox or heterodox, pagan or Christian, is on the face of it an absurdity, a transparent absurdity. The spelling-book is not the gospel, but first, last and all the time it is allied to any gospel that has in it any saving power.

Notwithstanding the horrible counteractions and reactions, and so many horrible facts which have not yet been adequately studied, the trend of things is hopefully onward and upward in the South.

It is not the inferior race but the theory of the inferiority that is working such damaging results, not upon the black man but upon the white man. It is the white man's theory of the inferiority of the black woman that makes her to him a source of degradation, and he becomes the degenerate in the community. Said an open-minded white man of the South, "I tell you, white men of the South become color blind after night." The would-be Christian white man is outraged at the suggestion of an insult from a black man to a white woman. What about the almost universal debauchery of the black woman by the white man? This is a subject that has never been frankly dealt with. Not until a Commission like that

which has just reported in Chicago on the vice of this city shall report on the sex problem of the white man's relation to the black woman in the South, giving the facts scientifically treated, can we realize how utterly damnable is the theory of an inferior race, not to the alleged inferior race, trying as it is, but to the bumptious representative of the would-be superior race. Witness the degradation of the English army in India and the American army in the Philippines.

Perhaps the most wretched people in the world are the children of illicit relationships between the proud English soldiery and the submissive Hindoo women, the product of which, the Eurasians, are for life, outcasts on both sides,—Heaven help them. To the credit of the Negro let it be said that he at least has been loyal to the children of his race. He has played the part of father and brother to the child of the white man, while the proud white man, defying all the laws of nature, refuses to accept in any degree the sacred responsibilities of the fatherhood which he has incurred. When the Southern chivalry shall enable a colored woman to claim the co-operation of the white father of her child in rearing the same, then an dnot until then will the ultimate matter of the colored problem be faced, and when once faced it will be solved.

In spite of all this I, who nearly fifty years ago went down and trudged as a private soldier following the flag, and who have been over the same ground with few interruptions annually, I am here to say again that I believe in the essential improvability of the black race, and that when the story is properly told and appreciated the spectacle of this enslaved people, brought to a country by violence against their will, and still possessed of vitality enough to rise alongside of and largely in co-operation with their old masters into intelligent citizenship, is such as to command the unlimited admiration of the student of the human race. The colored man is moving forward, climbing upward, becoming more and more a Democratic citizen of a republic, making of himself a welcome assistant in the industries of the land which enslaved him. Here is a spectacle so inspiring, so stupendous, that only one gifted with the emotions of a poet and the conscience of a prophet can satisfactorily or adequately tell the story.

I was moved to say to the students of the Georgia Agricultural College what I repeat with more deliberation here. The clock of destiny has a long pendulum, its stroke measures the centuries. Asia is for the past, England and America are for the present, and who dare say that when this clock of destiny strikes the full hour of high noon, Africa, the unexplored, the mystic, immeasurably dark continent, is not for the future?

Lanier, the poet of the South, looking back over the bitter, bitter past, saw the heavenly distilled dews fall in the darkness of the night and from his lips broke confidently the Song of the Future:

Sail fast, sail fast,
Ark of my hopes, Ark of my dreams;
Sweep lordly o'er the drowned Past,
Fly glittering through the sun's strange beams;
Sail fast, sail fast.
Breaths of new buds from off some dying lea
With news about the Future scent the sea:
My brain is beating like the heart of Haste;
I'll loose me a bird upon this Present waste;
Go, trembling song,
And stay not long; oh, stay not long;
Thou'rt only a grey and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love.

On the Campus of the Missouri University the attention of the visitor is attracted by a splendid series of stately Grecian columns, splendid pillars that form an attractive foreground to the Campus, the grass at their feet being gracefully mounded and the severity of the pillars softened by growing vines. A quarter of a mile or more away is another series of Grecian pillars, not quite so splendid or stately, but still beautiful. They are found in the foreground of the Court House square. The visitor is curious to know the history of these columns, and he finds that the ones in the city once sustained the porch of the old Court House, a relic of the war. The more splendid columns on the Campus are all that is left of the original building of the old University of Missouri, which also was built before the war. The old University building and the old Court House are gone, but the Grecian pillars stand. Their defiance of time is now honored by the lover of the beautiful. The plan is suggested of boulevarding the distance between these pillars so that there will be a noble driveway reaching from these remains of an old Court House to the splendid monuments of an old University. These pillars have haunted my imagination ever since. I like to think they symbolize that whatever is conceived in truth under the old régime in the South is to stay, but that the unworthy and the unjust are to go. The permanent pillars stand on their own account. They serve civilization by their very being, justifying the poetic fancy that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever. Truth is indestructible.

There is a great sermon down South to the thoughtful student, and it has application in Chicago in these days of its civic humiliation, its convicted degradation in this belated report of the Vice Commission. We wonder why it was left all these years for the churches to demand, as they did last year, that the Mayor appoint such a commission as was appointed. Why were not these awful facts revealed before?

Let us try to make home application of this Sermon of the South and profit by it, for the sermon of the South is the sermon of history, the sermon of progress. May God keep us up to the times.

THE DANCERS OF THE FIELD

The wind went combing through the grass,
The tall white daisies rocked and bowed;
Such ecstasy as never was
Possessed the shining multitude.

They turned their faces to the sun,
And danced the radiant morn away;
Of all his brave eye looked upon,
His daughters of delight were they.

And when the round and yellow moon,
Like a pale petal of the dusk
Blown loose above the sea-rim shone,
They gave me no more need to ask

How immortality is named;
For I remember like a dream
How ages since my spirit flamed
To wear their guise and dance with them.

—*Bliss Carman.*

From Our Foreign Correspondent

Contrary to our first plans, the ship stopped at Algiers. A friend and I got permission to take a small boat and go ashore at 6:30 a. m. The other passengers left at 9 a. m. We walked all through the town before it was hardly astir, going through the fish market, seeing such a haul of fish as I never dreamed of. Going to the public square, we watched the veiled women and the white robed men. We found an intelligent French cabman and told him to take us to the old Arab city. I cannot begin to describe my feelings on finding myself in that underground world. There seems on first sight to be only squalor and discomfort, but I pulled myself together and realized that I was measuring everything by my own standards. Then I began seeing some of the advantages which they had over us. The white robed men—and they abounded—were clean compared to the ready-made clothing worn by the more civilized (?) people. Their religion makes it imperative that they shall wash themselves—we have no such rules, unhappily, therefore, while one does see much that is dirty, it is not so bad in many ways as with us. Their peculiar costumes and customs, however, seem to be confined to the older people for the younger ones discard every evidence of their habits and religion except the fez. We spent many hours in the old part of the city. We then ascended to the newer part with its beautiful villas and wonderful views of the sea from every point. One wonders, however, what the people do to keep the people alive when one views this clear landscape and even longs for a puff of smoke from the Illinois Central or from some objectionable chimney to assure him that at least some of the complexities of our civilized life are keeping the people alive and busy.

We remained until the last possible moment in this charming city and found ourselves the last ones to arrive at the boat. It was very interesting to hear the comments made by our fellow passengers, most of whom had refused to stay on shore more than an hour, and when questioned why, replied that the dirt was impossible to endure and that the people were too repulsive to look at! A few, like my companion and myself, found much to interest us and many things to commend, and some things that we really wished to impart.

Arriving in Naples, one sees a great change in the appearance of things in five years. Sanitary science has been at work, but again one must not begin by using the standards of newer countries. We are more and more impressed that the absolute cannot be expected and that everywhere we must keep in mind the relative. Especially is this true of cleanliness, and it is best to keep one's eyes raised toward the clouds, the sky and the mountains.

During the following week it was my privilege to see Naples as even few Neapolitans see it, and this was in the company of an Italian lawyer and a newspaper man. We saw the fish market on the first night of Lent,—each little stall or table was lighted up with a smoking torch and a little group of men, women and children were warming themselves around a brazier of coals. Everywhere the beautifully colored fish gleamed like jewels in the flickering light. We threaded our way along narrow streets where huge pots of maccaroni were being cooked in the open air and crowds of urchins and beggars were gathered, hoping for a supper. We bought several platesful for the old and the very young, and in less time than it takes to tell, it was devoured, with blessings showered on our future, or it was spilled in the scramble.

Naples must be seen at night to be appreciated, and night does not begin until 9:30 at this time of the year. The little shops which in the day time look like mere dug-outs, are all life and animation at night. Everywhere we are impressed with the lack of material comforts, and the slavery to old customs, and we can readily understand why the church is so well supported, not only because of the superstitious beliefs, but because of the relief it affords from this squalor. It at least gives a little poetry to life.

We saw the splendid possibilities of the moving pictures in the story of Paradise Lost. For one hour and a half, with hundreds of others, we watched this marvelous machine giving scenery and color to most that was worth while in the book. We marveled at the familiarity of the average Italian with the story, and we heard everywhere passages quoted as the picture appeared. One wonders, I say, until he learns that the tutors of these young men give them so many verses to commit to memory as a punishment for some misdemeanor! In another place we were given many Bible stories, with the verses from the Bible thrown upon the screen. Of course there are objectionable places when one does not wish to see the pictures, but it is always surprising to see the crowds which flock to see a really good thing.

The Italians are quick to approve or disapprove of music, and an orchestra must meet the approval of the audience or be hissed and hooted at. Two plays are given at every performance, one in the audience and the other on the stage. At the Dante pictures the music did not please and it was greeted with hisses. "This is the music of the Inferno," calls one. The next night there was a decided improvement in the music. The Neapolitan seems to be an omnivorous newspaper reader, although it is said that 67 per cent of the population of southern Italy cannot read or write. One wonders where this 67 per cent is when he sees every one greedily looking for the next edition. Following a tragedy in Rome, every night for a week we heard discussions of the subject from every standpoint among men who gathered in the little restaurants known to congenial spirits.

All of this constitutes my first impression of this unique city. Always it is the human element which interests and causes us to wonder. I expect to be able to go more deeply into some things as I get to know the people, who are always kindly, intelligent and ready to be helpful if approached in the proper spirit. JESSIE E. SHEARS.

Naples, Italy.

American Homes and Gardens is about as good a suburban magazine as we now have. It reaches out into country life proper, but mainly deals with gardens and homesteads.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

NOTES ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Mrs. Antoinette D. Leach has been chosen president of the Bar Association of Sullivan County, Ind. She is the only woman lawyer in her county.

Equal suffrage received the unanimous endorsement of 500 Methodist Episcopal ministers at their annual conference in Ocean City, N. J., a few days ago.

What is believed to be the first woman suffrage act North Carolina has had was enacted by the last State Legislature in a special act for Wrightsville Beach, a famous seaside resort. It provides that women who own property on the beach shall be allowed to vote.

Secretary MacVeagh has approved an order which will place a woman in direct charge of all the mints and assay offices in the United States for short intervals at various times in the year. She is Miss Margaret V. Kelly, of the Mint Bureau, one of the three highest paid women in the government service.

Mme. Lawrence Fielder has been sent to the United States by the French Government to study the school system, the fight against tuberculosis, the relations of labor and capital, our industrial training schools and the organization of our army and navy.

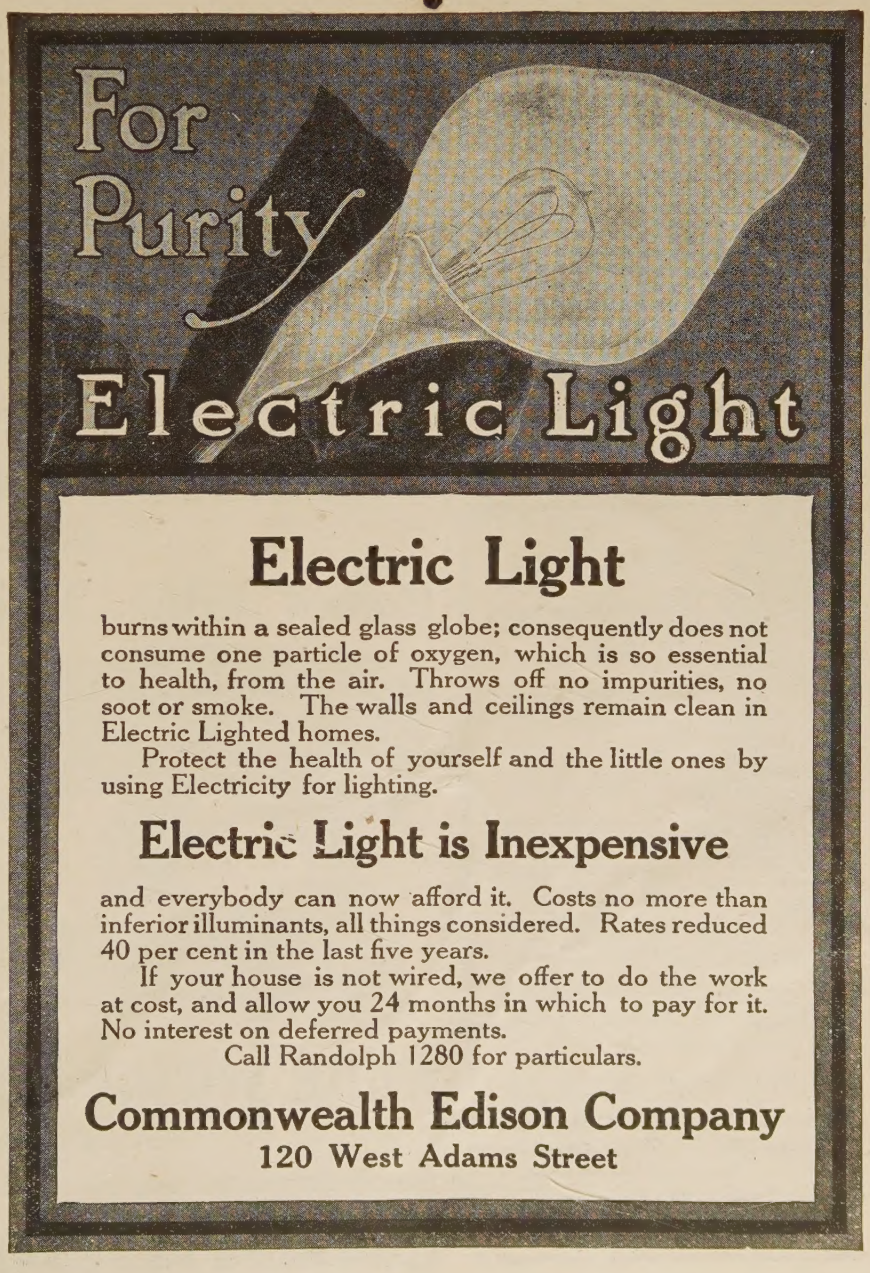
Since January 1, three cities in New York, Albany, Syracuse, and Utica, have created for the first time the position of paid woman probation officer. Four additional salaried women probation officers have been appointed also in courts in New York. There are now over thirty publicly paid women probation officers in the state.

Over thirty members of the Wisconsin State Legislature have signed a set of resolutions praising Miss Mary Swain Wagner and her co-laborers for the success of the Woman Suffrage Hearing of March 14.

Three hundred dollars in prizes was recently divided by Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont among five members of the Artist League of the Political Equality Association, of which she is president. The prizes were awarded for the best posters and statuettes representing the votes for women" cause and will be used for suffrage propaganda by her organization.

Mrs. Charles Park, of Boston, has received a letter from the Secretary of State of Colorado saying that 80 per cent of the women in his state register and about 73 per cent vote. The Secretary of State of Wyoming writes that 90 per cent of the women of Wyoming vote. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Idaho and all his Associate Justices have published a signed letter stating that the large vote polled by the women of their state proves that they take a lively interest in politics. In Australia at the recent elections more than 400,000 women voted as against 600,000 men. In New Zealand at the first election after the granting of equal suffrage 109,461 women out of a colony of 139,918 cast their ballot, and the proportion has been increasing ever since.—*National Woman's Press Bureau.*

Let the tiny yellow birds
Still repeat their shining words,
While across our senses steal
Hints of things no words reveal.
—*Bliss Carman.*



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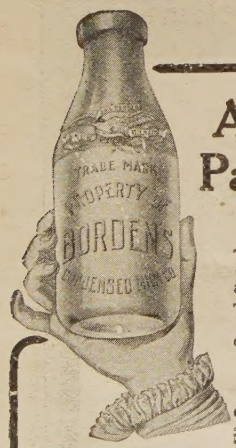

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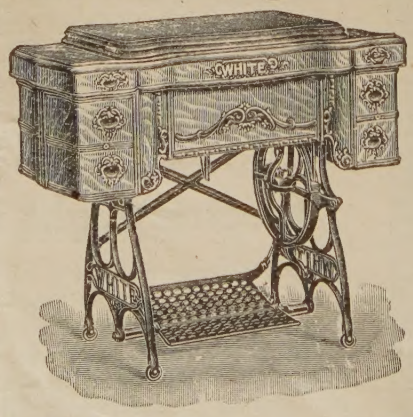
Our No. 35

Rolled Edge Automatic Lift White



A handsome, finely finished machine, furnished with Rolled Edge Renaissance design woodwork, in quarter-sawed golden oak, fitted with automatic lift, nickel plated hand-wheel, beautiful hanging center panel, three drawers at each end of table, ball bearings, and a complete set of the latest style steel attachments.

Repairs and Parts for All Machines.

Machines Taken in Exchange.

White Sewing Machine Company

GEO. E CAUGHEY, Manager.

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